Apron

Posted originally on the Archive of Our Own at http://archiveofourown.org/works/4395488.

Rating:	Explicit
Archive Warning:	Creator Chose Not To Use Archive Warnings
Category:	M/M
Fandom:	Hannibal (TV)
Relationships:	Will Graham/Hannibal Lecter, Will Graham & Hannibal Lecter
Characters:	Will Graham, Hannibal Lecter
Additional Tags:	Masturbation, Rimming, Anal Fingering, Anal Sex, Cum Fetish, Food Kink, Sort Of, Plot What Plot/Porn Without Plot
Language:	English
Series:	Part 13 of Season One-Inspired Hannigram: One-Shots
Collections:	Wendigo & Stag
Stats:	Published: 2015-07-22 Words: 1,954 Chapters: 1/1

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by DarkDreamsOfHannigram

Summary

Will is compelled to confess a fantasy to Hannibal.

Will couldn't believe he'd actually said it. Out loud.

He blamed it on the wine. It had been a long day, and he'd let himself loosen up a little more than normal.

"You're so formal when you're cooking."

"My kitchen is the innermost sanctum of my home. I treat it with the reverence it deserves."

"I just had an extremely...informal...image float through my consciousness. You in your kitchen, wearing nothing but your apron."

Before he could stop himself from saying it, the sentence had left Will's mouth. *What an utterly ridiculous thing to say.*

Hannibal evidently could read the chagrin on his face, and it made him smile. He'd made a discovery.

"You enjoy watching me in my kitchen, Will. I have often observed you as you were observing."

Will was feeling decidedly warm now, a blush rising to his cheeks. No sense in denying anything when it was written all over his face.

"I do."

"Perhaps your subconscious is letting you know you'd like a different perspective on something you've seen many times."

"....Would you?" Bolder still.

By way of answering, Hannibal put down his glass, and stood up, heading out towards the very room that was now swimming in Will's imagination.

He looked back, over his shoulder and through his eyelashes, and said: "I will call for you when I am ready."

The moments ticked by slowly for Will. He knew that Hannibal was inviting him to be assertive. He psyched himself up to fill that role. He had only to think of the man, there in his kitchen, where he was most himself. It was his true essence that came out there, and something about that made Will feel calm and centered. He breathed in and out, and felt like he could live up to what Hannibal was wanting from him.

"Will...," the voice called to him, and it drew him back to reality. He rose, steadying himself, suddenly dizzy with all the thoughts reeling through his mind.

He walked into the kitchen, and there he was. Bare-chested, leaning with both hands behind him, arms splayed on the edge of the counter. Will's eyes travelled downwards, and stayed at

the place where the white cloth met the slight swell of Hannibal's belly.

Further down still he gazed, and saw the outline of his cock. The apron went to about his knees, and more skin was evident, down to his bare feet.

Will closed his eyes, and employed a familiar technique in a new way: the golden pendulum swept, but instead of imagining someone else, he pictured a different version of himself; one that could easily take what he wanted, bend this powerful man to his desires. The scenarios came in flashes, rather than a linear narrative as they usually did. A hard kiss, a thrust of his hips. He wanted all of that, and everything else that his mind could not begin to conjure.

Swallowing hard, and allowing himself a moment to gather his wits, Will finally stepped forwards.

Hannibal smiled as Will placed his hands over his own, braced on the counter. He took in the dark look in Will's eyes, as they stood together that way, Will pressing himself against Hannibal, closing in by degrees. He rested his nose in the crook of Hannibal's neck, breathing him in.

Kisses followed, soft at first, then followed by the judicious application of teeth to Hannibal's earlobe.

Will said in a low voice: "Turn around."

He moved away just enough to allow Hannibal to do so, and was rewarded with an amazing sight. Standing back to take it all in, the effect was stunning - the sides of the apron didn't meet in the back, but rather framed Hannibal's muscled thighs and ass, the straps tied just above his hips.

The need to touch overwhelming his hesitancy, Will ran his hands up and down Hannibal's sides, reveling in the intake of breath this produced. He grasped harder, kneading the flesh presented to him.

Slowly he sank to his knees.

Bowing his head, he reflected on his position of supplication, strange and contradictory since he also felt in control. This god, spreading his legs widely, so very gradually, was here to be worshipped, to be sure; but worshipped in the way that Will decided.

He chose to nip at the back of his knees, and enjoy the tautness of his tendons with the flat of his tongue. He moved inexorably upwards, tasting the soft flesh of the insides of Hannibal's thighs.

His hands remained on the counter, so Will took it upon himself to open him further, the firm muscles of his ass yielding yet strong. The hands were now trembling, Will observed. Anticipating what was to follow.

He didn't want to make him wait, so ran his tongue up from the back of Hannibal's thigh to his perineum. He stayed there, tracing beautifully obscene patterns, enjoying the gasps and

moans he could hear coming down from above.

Will moved from there to Hannibal's entrance, stiffening his tongue and pressing it inside. Drawing out, and circling the rim, he repeated this again and again until the desired effect was achieved: hearing Hannibal beg.

"Please, Will...more...please don't stop."

In response, he felt his way around Hannibal's hip, until he reached his cock. He was pleased to find it rock hard, though not surprised.

Will touched him idly, teasingly, timing the movements of his hand to what he was doing with his mouth. They had the most perfect form of unspoken communication, and Hannibal knew he was to take over as Will began to pull back. He loved listening to him masturbate, and Hannibal knew this well; the movements of his hands, the breathy growls that he made. It was quite overpowering, and he felt his mind tipping and spinning; he knew he was painfully hard, but had nearly lost contact with his own physical being, as he was so focused on Hannibal's.

The muscles of Hannibal's legs moved in time with his own motions, just as he arched back to get more contact. Just for a moment, Will leaned back, and watched, his head now at an angle to do so. To make up for the lack of oral contact, and to encourage Hannibal to keep going, he gently massaged his balls and perineum.

He leaned back, still working the delicate flesh with his fingers, and resumed the contact with his tongue. Hannibal's face was twisted in a snarl of pleasure, completely given over to it. He stroked himself with abandon, his orgasm still at bay, but knowing it wouldn't be for long. His hands were shaking, if only just a little.

He reflected, briefly, that he was unusually close to losing control. Will was extremely talented, and his empathic qualities permitted him to lose himself in the act, thinking only of giving. He seemed to perfectly anticipate when Hannibal would want his tongue pushed further inside, when he would want it to withdraw. His lips were perfect for this. A fragment of the divine.

Will kept up the deliberate, careful motions, all conscious thought gone, until his knees would no longer support him. Finally, he sat back, and stretched his legs before standing.

On trembling legs, Will finally stood. He buried his face in Hannibal's neck, breathing in the heady scent of his arousal. Hands traveling down his body, feeling the expansion and contraction of his ribs before caressing the muscles of his hips.

"What do you want, Hannibal?" He knew, but wanted to hear it all the same.

"I want you inside me, now. Here." Hannibal's voice was thick, and sounded nearly desperate.

As if to answer, Will began to penetrate him with his fingers.

"You certainly seem ready for me," Will sighed; Hannibal was so open and slick after his tongue, nearly totally ready. But he opened him further still. Then he noticed a small bottle of lubricant that Hannibal had evidently set in front of him on the counter, partially hidden. Will smiled wickedly when he saw it; he took it, and pored some over his fingers, entering Hannibal again. *So hot...*he thought. The idea that he'd soon be buried in that heat made him dizzy.

He couldn't wait any longer. Reflecting that the opposite was usually the case, with Hannibal clothed and him exposed like this, Will unzipped his jeans. It was sweet relief; he'd been confined, achingly hard, inside them for what seemed like hours. More lube, poured on himself, and he watched as if he was having an out-of-body experience, the red-purple swollen head of his cock pressing inside...

He wrapped his hands around Hannibal's waist, just at the straps of the apron, then grasped fabric as he entered him to the hilt.

It knocked the breath out of both of them for a moment, before Will found a fast and hard rhythm, Hannibal bent over his counter.

When Will regained his ability to speak, he ran his fingers through Hannibal's hair, bringing his head up so he could hear more easily.

"Right here, in your own kitchen. You like it, don't you?"

He grasped Hannibal's cock, stroking it roughly.

"Fuck, you're so hard...tell me how much you love it."

Will leaned forward, altering the angle of his thrusts, making greater contact with Hannibal's prostate. He cried out, a low noise coming from deep within his diaphragm. He managed to speak a few breathy words:

"Yes...Will...ah, Will please...it's so good.

In response, Will pulled Hannibal's head more to the side, and nipped hard at his neck. He was right over his ear when he sighed, "Tell me how my cock feels inside of you."

He was pleased to hear how the breath caught in Hannibal's lungs, as he answered:

"It feels like you are starving, and finally giving in to your hunger. Perhaps this is an appropriate location after all."

Will stroked Hannibal harder and faster, to match his increasingly desperate thrusts. He moved Hannibal's hand away from the counter, and he understood he was to take over. Will could no longer coordinate his hand with the erratic rhythm his hips had fallen into.

The sounds that fell from his lips didn't sound like him, to Will's own ears. They scarcely sounded human. He came, digging his fingers hard into Hannibal's skin, no care given for how hard he was thrusting. In the back of his mind, he knew Hannibal could take it, and was glad to be the vessel for his pleasure.

At last Will stilled, inside of Hannibal as he continued to stroke himself. Soon, Will felt the contractions of Hannibal's orgasm around his softening cock, and he reached around to cover Hannibal's hand with his own. He felt it being covered in cum, hot and thick.

Reluctantly, Will withdrew at last, and only then did he realize just how much he'd filled Hannibal's ass.

Will turned him around. He wanted to see his face. Hannibal was flushed, breathing hard. Will felt a deep sense of gratitude; he had delivered to Will the opportunity to truly let go. In thanks, he raised Hannibal's drenched hand, and cleaned it with his tongue. They kept eye contact, and it seemed like an even more intimate act than what they had just done.

When he was finished, Will untied the apron and let it fall.

"You so clearly enjoy how I taste," Hannibal said. Will nodded, not knowing what to say, but unable to deny it. "You savor me. You delight in taking me. Your desire is a gift."

He stroked Will's face, hand sliding around the back of his neck and pulling him in, tasting himself on Will's lips.

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